Cut off the heads of two faſt growing ſprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All muſt be euen in our gouerment.
You thus imployde, I will goe roote away
The noyſome Weedes that without profit ſucke
The ſoyles fertilitie from holſome Flowers.
*Man.* Why ſhould we in the compaſſe of a Pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a modell our firme eſtate,
When our ſea-walled Garden, the whole Land
Is full of Weedes; her faireſt Flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprund her hedges ruinde,
Her Knots diſordered, and her holeſome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers,
*Gard.* Hold thy peace,
He that hath ſuffred this diſordered Spring,
Hath now himſelfe met with the fall of Leafe:
The Weedes that his broade ſpreading Leaues did ſhelter,
That ſeemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are puld vp, roote and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane the Earle of *Wiltſhire*, Buſhie, Greene.
*Man.* What, are they dead?
*Gard.* They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath ſeizd the waſtfull King.
Oh what pittie it is, that he had not ſo trimde
And dreſt his Land; as we this Garden, at time of yeere
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Leaſt being ouer-proud with ſappe and blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelfe.
Had he done ſo, to great and growing men,
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruites of duetie: ſuperfluous branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may line:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waſte of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
*Man.* What, thinke you the King ſhall be depoſde?
*Gard.* Depreſt he is already, and depoſde

T'is